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the wall, when his foot slipped, and he fell. The Jews turned and surrounded him. He rose on his knees, still made a gallant defence, wounding many of the enemy; and at length expired, buried under a thousand spears. Of the eleven, three reached the top of the wall, and were killed by stones; eight were carried back, wounded, to the camp. This was on the third of July. Two days after, at the dead of night, twenty soldiers of the guard, with a standard bearer of the fifth legion, two horsemen, and a trumpeter, crept silently up the breach, surprised and slew the watch, and gave orders to the trumpeter to blow with all his might. The rest of the sentinels, without waiting to see the number of assailants, fled in terror. Titus, directly he heard* the sound of the trumpet, armed his men, and scaled the Antonia. The Jews fled on all sides, some fell into the mines which John had dug under the Roman embankments; but Simon and John, uniting all their forces, made a resolute effort to defend the entrance to the Temple. A fierce battle ensued, with spears and javelins; the troops of both parties were so mingled and confused that no man knew where he was. The narrow passages were crowded with the dead, so that those engaged were obliged to scramble over heaps of bodies and of armour to get at each other. At length, after ten hours' hard fighting, Titus, contented with the possession of the Antonia, recalled his men. But a Bithynian centurion, named Julian, of uncommon strength and skill in the use of his weapons, sprang forward from the side of Titus, where he was standing, and singly charged the Jews with such extraordinary resolution, that they fled on all sides; and Julian forced his way, committing dreadful slaughter as he went on, up to a corner of the inner court of the Temple. Unfortunately his shoes were full of nails, and slipping upon the smooth pavement, he fell with his armour clattering around him. The fugitives turned upon him. A loud shout of terror arose from the Romans in the Antonia, answered by a fierce and exulting cry from the Jews. They surrounded the gallant Julian, and though he covered himself with his shield, and repeatedly struggled to rise, he was overpowered by numbers. Still, however, his breast-plate and helmet protected the vital parts, till at length, his limbs having been hewn off, he received a mortal wound, and fell dead. The Jews, to the great grief of Cæsar, dragged the body into the Temple, and again drove back the Romans into the Antonia.

It was now the 5th of July. Titus commanded that the fortress of Antonia should be razed to the ground. He had heard that the daily sacrifice was now intermitted, from want of persons to make the offering; and understanding the deep impression made on all the Jews by the suspension of that rite, he determined to make another attempt on their religious feelings. Josephus was sent to offer free egress to John, if he would come forth to fight, that the temple might escape defilement. Josephus placed himself so as to be heard by all the Jews; and communicated, in the Hebrew language, the offers of Titus. John replied, in language of the fiercest bitterness, imprecating curses on the head of the renegade Josephus; and concluded, that "he feared not the taking of the city, for it was the city of God." Josephus broke out into a vehem-

^{lo}* We wish the author had eschewed this favorite Cockney phrase.

ment invective; but neither his words, nor the tears or sobs by which he was interrupted, had the slightest effect on John or his soldiers; they rushed out and endeavoured to seize him. Some few, however, were moved.

"There were some men of distinction, who, from time to time, had seized an opportunity of desertion. Among these were Joseph and four chief priests; three sons of Ismael, the high priest; four of Matthias; one of the other Matthias, whom Simon put to death with three of his sons. Titus had received the fugitives with kindness, promised them his protection, and sent them to Gophini. These men were sent for, and with Joseph attempted to persuade the people, if not to capitulate, at least to spare the temple from inevitable defilement and ruin. But all in vain: the sacred gates were blocked up with balistas and catapults. The peaceful temple, with its marble courts and gilded pinnacles, assumed the appearance of a warlike citadel. Its courts were strewn with the dead—men with swords reeking with the blood of the enemy, or even of their countrymen, rushed to and fro along the holy place, or even the Holy of Holies. Even the Roman soldiers, it is said, shuddered at the profanation. Titus tried a last remonstrance. 'You have put up a barrier,' he said, 'to prevent strangers from polluting your temple: this the Romans have always respected; we have allowed you to put to death all who violated its precincts. Yet ye defile it yourselves with blood and carnage. I call on your gods; I call on my whole army; I call on the Jews who are with me; I call on yourselves; to witness, that I do not force you to this crime. Come forth, and fight in any other place: and no Roman shall violate your sacred edifice.' But John and his zealots suspected (it may be with justice) the magnanimity of Titus, and would not surrender a place, the strength of which was their only trust. Perhaps they had still a fanatic confidence, that, reeking as they were with blood, steeped to the lips in crime, they were still the chosen people of Jehovah; and that yet, even yet, the power which smote Pharaoh, and Sennacherib, and the enemies of the Maccabees, would reveal himself in irresistible terror."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Historical Miscellany; or Illustrations of the most important periods in Ancient and Modern History; with a particular account of the British Constitution and Commerce—forming a Supplement to Pinnock's Grecian, Roman, and English Histories. By W. C. Taylor, A.M. of Trinity College, Dublin.—Whittaker and Treacher, London.

We remember Mr. Taylor in the University, famous for his love of snuff and skill in composition, in which he carried away many prizes. There were strange stories afloat then-a-days, of certain extracts from the Rabbinical writers, which he subjoined, in the form of notes, to a poem, in which he contrived to introduce an incidental mention of Solomon's ring. The deep research which these displayed, won the warmest applause of the learned pundits, to whose critical acumen they were submitted—and, luckily, no question as to their genuineness was ever raised, as no doubt on that subject arose in the minds of the examiners.

In the work before us, Mr. Taylor has well

sustained his former high character for knowledge of English composition. We know of no work which embodies a greater quantity of sound and important information, put together, in a luminous and engaging form. Every page is pregnant with matter, and the manner is scholar-like, without being pedantic—so that we can heartily recommend it as an excellent manual for the purpose for which it is intended.

The British Naturalist, or Sketches of the more interesting productions of Britain and the surrounding sea, in the scenes which they inhabit, and with relation to the general economy of nature, and the wisdom and power of its author, 1 vol. 8vo. London.—Whittaker, Treacher and Co. 1830.

We are glad to perceive the number of valuable works of this class, which are now continually issuing from the press; there are few branches of education which we deem more important, than the cultivation of a love for nature in her simple unadorned beauty, and of habits of attention to her most curious and interesting phenomena. The present is a somewhat rambling unsystematic sort of book, but not perhaps less suited on that account, to engage and please the mind of those who would shrink from the appearance of scientific system, and technical arrangement. Much too of that amiable feeling, which seems the natural concomitant of those who treat of trees and lakes, and wet way-sides, and pebbly springs, pervades this volume, and is unobtrusively and not ungracefully introduced.

The Olive Branch.—Edinburgh, Baynes 1830.

THE last of the annuals, a cheap little religious present, adorned only with a portrait of the minister of the new north-church, Edinburgh, to whom it is dedicated, and with a vignette of the dove. It would seem that the design of this publication was not formed till very recently, which accounts both for its late appearance and the want of that variety which is naturally looked for in such a volume. Its contents are confined to religious contributions in prose and verse, chiefly, we believe, by presbyterian clergymen.

Evils and Cure of Intemperance. Printed for the Dublin Temperance Society.

We have received a number of pamphlets published by this society. It is a curious fact, that in Scotland, where they have the character of being a sober people, the inhabitants drink of whiskey alone, two gallons for one that is consumed in Ireland, taking the relative numbers of the two countries into account, besides a still greater proportion of the heavier malt liquors. Paddy must mismanage matters sadly, to get so bad a character without even the pleasure of deserving it.

Seriously, if the temperate societies succeed in banishing, or diminishing the vice and folly of drunkenness from among the people, we shall have to thank them for conferring the greatest possible boon on Ireland; but for ourselves, as we have never indulged in excess of that description, we do not see that we are called upon to give up our two or three glasses of port or sherry after dinner, which we find useful as well as pleasant these cold damp evenings.